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easily given. It may seem to us always grey under cloudy skies, or under clear skies when the light is low, but it is always frankly blue under a bright blue heaven. And if we could only put the greys of different days side by side, we should perceive great differences of tint. The bit of gold in the sky which the rippled lake does not seem to notice is, in fact, influential over a very wide area of water, and if to-morrow there should be crimson in the sky instead of gold, be sure that the water will not be of the same grey, though it may be grey still. A surface of strongly rippled water universally covered with wavelets a foot high, reflects at least as well as a sheet of rough lead, but then even the lead, rough and dull as it may be, would reflect very visibly—*everything* does that. And rippled water reflects better than lead, or it would not take that deep blue under the clear summer sky. The depth of that color depends on the intensity of the sky, and on the local color of the water. In Switzerland it is a mixture of azure and emerald, in Scotland of azure and deep rich brown. In Switzerland, a vast surface rippled at noon in fine weather is of a delicate pale greenish blue; in Scotland, of a deep ultramarine, broken within itself when you look into it by innumerable streaks of rich purple and brown. You may analyze these colors best from a boat. On Loch Awe I have constantly distinguished the deep blue and dark brown as they played together; at Lucerne as I have watched the play of the bright azure and translucent emerald.

It may be an open question how far it is safe to attempt to paint the *detail* of rippled surfaces. They are prodigiously difficult to half-trained eyes. Their color in nature seems perfectly monotonous, alike over the whole surface; and if you paint it with only Nature's variety, people will tell you that you have no variety nor gradation in your work, merely because your changes and gradations are so delicate as to escape them. There is nothing that experienced artists more cautiously avoid than these wide surfaces of ripple, and it must be confessed that they have excellent reasons for this abstinence.

6. *Interrupted reflections.*—When a breeze cuts across a calm place it effaces, of course, the reflection *where it passes*, and there only. Elsewhere the reflection remains precisely as before. A tree stands on the shore perfectly reflected; a breeze comes and effaces the reflection of the trunk, but does not extend over that part of the water which reflects the higher branches; these branches will then remain in their integrity, only they will be cut off from the shore by the breeze. Nothing can be simpler than this. It is the result of the most obvious causes, and one would think that a very feeble faculty of observation ought to enable any one to understand it. Even medieval Art recognized this fact, as a curious oil painting in the Geneva gallery proves. And yet I was solemnly warned by a dealer never to introduce interrupted reflection in any picture, because, as he assured me on the strength of a long experience, such phenomena always lessened the saleableness of landscapes, as people could not understand them. Incidents of this kind, which occur in the life of every landscape painter, are profoundly discouraging.

7. *Storm waves.*—A lake is usually supposed, by persons living in lakeless regions, to be in a state of eternal placidity. The truth is, however, that a lake is anything but placid when a strong wind tears along it in the direction of its length. The waves on the Lake of Geneva may get a clear run to grow in longer than waves running from

Calais to Dover. Even on Loch Lomond the waves have a clear run of ten miles, and on Loch Awe of six. Lake waves are just like sea waves in confined spaces. Compared to ocean waves they are short and chopping, still there is always a great distance between the chief ones. On an average, I believe, so far as much counting has enabled me to judge, there come two strong waves for every twelve minor ones. These are always crested with foam; and it is very fine to see a great dark lake under a thunderous gloomy sky flecked for miles with those charging, travelling crests of white. After a great wave has passed there is usually a lull, the energy of the water seems spent, and the next great wave is more than a hundred yards off. A great wave has its sides covered with minor waves, just as a mountain has its sides covered with minor hills and knolls. As to the actual height of what, by comparison, we call great waves on lakes, they may reach six feet calculating from the trough of the sea, but rarely, I should say, surpass it. They are very deceptive. A wave seems to us usually about twice the height it really is. Sea waves impress one with a prodigious sense of immensity when they are twelve feet high.

Since the discovery of instantaneous photography, the study of waves is no longer so hopeless as it formerly was. By its help we may learn to draw all those curious twirls and unexpected twists of the water which have hitherto escaped even the best artists. I purposely abstain from going into further detail about waves in this place, as it will be necessary to do so at some future time, when we come to the waves of the sea, and lake wave is no more than a sea wave in a very large harbor. So far as I have been able to ascertain, the difference between salt and fresh water does not in any perceptible manner affect its phenomena.

8. *Waves when the wind lulls.*—For some time after the lulling of the wind, waves continue in action, but they *heave* more and *travel* less, also, they are no longer crisp and sharp in their forms, but polished, like domes of glass. For a short space after the lulling of the wind the waves seem even higher than before, and sailing vessels are more tossed and shaken by them, because no longer steadied by the pressure of the dying gale. Some times these large polished waves of the lull seem as if they would rock the masts overboard.

9. *Waves seen from behind.* There is always a remarkable difference in form between waves seen from before and from behind. The form before is far richer and more broken, behind it is simpler and more uniform. The grand simplicity of line in waves seen from behind may often lead us to poverty in design. A picture of mine from the same motive as one of these illustrations, has been blamed for the poverty of its wave outlines. It is very possible that in aiming at this simplicity I speak of, I may have fallen into the defect of which simplicity is the correlative quality, and the more easily that the true qualities of waves are so infinitely difficult to render.

The above are only a few of the most obvious facts about lake surfaces. I hope to return to the subject on a future occasion, to study the more subtle phenomena.

(To be Continued.)

It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys.—*Channing.*

RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

(Continued from No. 26.)

Raphael was born in Urbino, in the year 1483. His father was Giovanni Santi, *pittore non motto eccellente*; his first teacher, Pietro in Perugia, *che era cortese motto ed amator de' begli ingegni*. The news of the grand cartoons of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo allured him to Florence, where he remained till the death of his father. His mother now needed his services; he accordingly returned to Urbino and set in order his domestic affairs. Meantime he continued to paint in Urbino, again in Perugia, as well as before his sojourn in Florence, in Curtella, and Siena; Vasari already counts up a multitude of independent works. He entrusted himself a second time to Florence, and from there made his way finally to Rome. This was in his twenty-fifth year. It was in Rome he died.

How narrow the circuit of his wanderings! Urbino, Siena, Florence, Rome, to which, according to Passavant, we must also add Bologna, all lie so near to one another, one might say that Raphael had never strayed from the one spot. Michael Angelo's travels would have been just as circumscribed, had he not twice fled to Venice. But at that time, the center of attraction of all the world lay in Italy, and of all Italy in Rome. Those were times when the Roman peoples still shaped the destiny of the world.

Of the literature pertaining to Raphael, I prefer to read, after Vasari's life, what Rumohr writes concerning him in his Italian investigations. Rumohr's style is perhaps the purest imitation of the Goethean manner of imparting information, such as the poet indulged in during his old age. We call Goethe's style easy; we might call Rumohr's equally apt. He writes as if he were speaking, and he speaks with the measured breadth of a man who sets aside whatever is insignificant with a dignified ease.

Then, too, he lived in social circles, in which to bring forward the unimportant was a mark of a lack of taste; his manner of thought and expression thus bore in the best sense the stamp of rank. Little has been written about art, in the German language at least, which would hold an equal rank with his lucubrations. Passavant, indeed, often contradicts both him and the other authors who have made Raphael's life the object of their studies. Everywhere occur controverted points, but they are of only secondary consequence, the determination of which throws no proper light upon the life of the artist. The editor of the artist's letters has, in his introduction and explanatory matter, given all that has for the appreciative reader any weight. Too many letters have not been included. Both style and contents always have something pure and lovely, which one would recognize in them even if he did not know who had written them. Yet, I ought not to omit here an observation which concerns the whole book.

These letters embrace nothing which is absolutely necessary to our conception of the nature of the artist; but they are in the highest degree important as incidental contributions to our knowledge of the man, nothing more. Therefore, while the several letters, observations, and facts of all kinds have been gathered together and arranged, these scraps are not at all the

*From the German of HERMANN GRIMM.

turning-points that form in themselves the monuments of his development, such as are paintings or evidences of a spiritual or political nature, under the influence of which his life varied its direction. The aim of the book was to give the letters only, and suitable comments upon them, and this has been accomplished in the most excellent manner. For those, however, before whom, by this book, the life and doings of the artist have been brought forward, perhaps for the first time, the idea might arise that these letters were the chief sources of our knowledge, which they are not. At the present day, the letters exchanged between Goethe and Lotte may perhaps be as well known as "Werther" itself, and in general the correspondence of Schiller and Goethe is read more than their works. This is a wrong tendency. Whoever regards a single one of Raphael's paintings with an intelligent self-surrender, learns hence more of him than he can derive from a perusal of all his letters. By these observations I point to a solecism of our time, which traces out with much satisfaction incidental circumstances of moment, and in their consideration allows the enthusiasm, for the whole to be diverted into side issues.

The first of Raphael's letters is dated in the year 1508, at Florence, and is without important contents; the second, of the same year, and only a few lines long, is directed to Donenico de Paris Alfani. I pray you, Menecho, he writes, send me the love-songs of Riciardo, which deal with that passion which once befell him on a journey. Besides, he wants a sermon, he must remind the Cesarino to send it to him, and he must please ask of the Lady Atalanta some money for him, by preference gold. Love-songs, a sermon, and gold—it is as though in a few lines lay the whole century.

The following letter, also dated 1508, was written in Rome. Bramante, who was related to Raphael, had effected an official appointment for him. The Pope permitted him to come, in order to paint in the Vatican. He there met Michael Angelo. He had as yet seen him but seldom, and that in Florence. In this letter he thanks Francisco Francia for the portrait of himself which he had transmitted, and apologizes for not having, according to promise, painted his own as a present in return. Passavant thinks that Raphael had already in Bologna sought out personally the famous old masters. How he assures his correspondent of his love, how he praises and comforts him, all this shows a charming youthful turn. A sonnet, which is included, gives us an opportunity of knowing how Francia is disposed toward the young artist; in this he awards Raphael the highest place in Art, while he himself modestly retires to the background.

There follows a letter to Simone Ciarla, written in 1514, in which he speaks of marriage; he will not permit himself to think of the agreeable proposal. He treats of this matter in an altogether business manner, and yet not without that graceful ease with which he always grasps the greatest as well as the most trivial affair. From this subject he passes to the building of St. Peter's Church, and an animated laudation of life in Rome breaks forth. Every day, he concludes, the Pope caused him to be called, and conversed with him about the building. It shall be the first temple of the world. It will cost a million in gold, and the Pope thinks of nothing else than its completion.

Raphael wished to remain unmarried. He says, in his letter, that he had struck out quite a different course of life than he had been solicited to do. He will have no wife, he would never with a wife have attained the position where he now stands, and he therefore thanks God daily that he has so wisely managed.

Notwithstanding these sentiments, he was not in a position, later in life, to decline the hand of the young Maria di Bibiena, niece of the Cardinal of the same name. The proposal was as advantageous for him as it was honorable. His death and Maria's happened almost at the same time.

After Maria's death he lived without again contracting marriage. In like manner, too, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci and Titian died unmarried. Dr. Guhl has founded upon this some considerations as to whether artists ought in general to marry, whether they ought not in this particular to remain free, and he seems to bring forward the life of these four men as a kind of example. I cannot subscribe to this. Their fate seems to me to have only accidentally coincided in this respect. It is well known how marriages were at that time contracted in Italy, and in what relation women generally stood to men. Benvenuto Cellini's life can serve to any one as the nearest source from which to obtain an insight into this subject. There reigned the most unlimited freedom. Titian had children to whom he gave a brilliant education: it is nowhere said of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci that they hated women. Legitimate union, through the Church and before the law, was not at that time the condition upon which the favor of beautiful women depended. It was no disgrace to be a child born out of wedlock. Had Michael Angelo met Vittoria Colonna in earlier years, could an alliance between them have been ever thought of, he surely would not have regarded the marriage state as a hindrance to his career as an artist.

Everywhere, and thus also among artists, it is a sad sight, when wife and children make of free labor an oppressive toil, but to all examples of this kind may just as many be opposed, where a happy wedlock has proved the purest motive to labor and genuine development.

Raphael loved women. Vasari relates how once love enticed him from all work, and his friends found at last no other recourse than to bring his beautiful mistress to him upon the scaffold where he was painting, upon which she now sat beside him the whole day, and he, continuing his work, would not permit her to depart. In Arnim's novel, "Raphael and his Mistresses," the life of the artist is depicted as passed in the arms of beauty. Free from care, his imagination full of high thoughts, he surrendered himself to them, weakly obeying the agreeable dictates of indolence, till at last the life he was leading was snatched from him.

He must have foreboded the issue; he sought to tear himself loose, but amid his work his thoughts left him no rest. Three sonnets, which were once written by his hand upon the back of some fugitive leaves and so have been preserved, give us a direct insight into his soul, whose passionate workings he was seeking to subdue. He seems to have written the verses in order to free himself from the thoughts which swam alluring around him; we feel the strife and how a long resistance is impossible.

HOW TO LEARN FRENCH.

"A novel, simple, comprehensive, easy and concise method of acquiring a practical, speaking knowledge of the French language."

This is the title of a paper prepared at the request of several influential persons interested in perfecting and enlarging the practical course of study in our Public Schools and other educational institutions. This system seems to embody the essential conditions hitherto sought for, but not attained in any other method in use.

This admirable system is now being introduced in this country by Dr. H. Carlos, an educated and well-accredited French gentleman, who, has in conjunction with M. Havet, in England, simplified and perfected it from a practical experience in teaching upon its principles, until it seems to be the long sought desideratum for easily and quickly acquiring a practical oral knowledge of the French language. We take special gratification in calling attention to this excellent system as set forth in the appended paper, which was by special request read by Dr. Parmelee, before the Polytechnic branch of the American Institute at a late meeting.

DR. CARLOS' PAPER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I think that you will all agree with me that such a practical knowledge of the French language as will enable any person to understand and speak it, correctly and fluently, for the ordinary purposes of social intercourse and business, is a real necessity for a large portion of the community.

I will now briefly place before you the fundamental principles and outlines of such a system and method, which has been carefully and extensively tested in the case of individuals and classes, and by which such a knowledge of the French language has been and may be imparted to persons of ordinary intelligence and capacity in a series of about one hundred lessons, which may be easily mastered within a period of three months. This plan is novel, and I have, in England, professionally instructed pupils upon its principles, constantly and successfully for five years. Its leading peculiarities are:

1. In acquainting the pupil with the relation existing between the English and French languages, both being derived from the Latin, Celtic and Teutonic, and both having in their common and constant use but from four thousand to five thousand words, of which fully one-half are alike in both languages, or are very nearly identical in orthography and pronunciation.

2. I have arranged a system of pronunciation, resulting from carefully combining the different phases of Diphthongs and Compound letters, original and peculiar to the French language, which will enable the pupil, after having mastered the simple principles involved, to pronounce and read correctly and perfectly any word in the language at sight. In short, by this system, it is possible for a pupil to master half of the difficulties of the French language in a single lesson; for after being acquainted with the relation existing between the two languages, and understanding the principles of pronunciation, any one will possess the key and fully one half of the prescribed course of instruction.

3. In teaching, I begin by availing myself of a simple classification of such words as are alike in both languages, which may be memorized and thoroughly understood with an hour's study. I select and particularly teach only the simple, common, and essential words or parts of the French language especially adapted to enable a person to speak fluently and make himself easily understood in conversation. By this plan there remains to be acquired and remembered but about 2,000 words that are entirely French.

4. All instruction is given orally, and the whole system, including a Dictionary of 10,000 words